

④ A HUMOUROUS
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
MANNERS and FASHIONS
Of the Inhabitants of the CITY of
DUBLIN:

IN a LETTER from a Gentleman to his
Friend in *Drogheda*.

By the AUTHOR of a *Description of a Sunday in DUBLIN*



DUBLIN:
Printed in the Year 1734.



A Humourous
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
Manner and Fashions
OF
D U B L I N.

THis Metropolis is exceeding large, the People, Pleasures, and Customs almost infinite, yet they have not deterr'd me from enquiring after what is remarkable and curious. The Manner of my living is such as it was at the College, therefore I rise in the Morning as soon as the Sun appears: But this great Luminary is not to be seen by the major Part of the Inhabitants of this Place so long as we behold it at *Drogheda*; and tho' the Climate is the same, for above one Half of the Year it is as it were invisible: Tho' this, Sir, may seem strange, it may without a great Depth in Philosophy be accounted for.

In the last Lecture I heard at your Chambers, you mention'd the almost Impossibility of a perpetual Motion; I am convinced, Sir of the Practicableness of it by Demonstration, for the Hackney Coaches never cease their Noise and Hurry Day nor Night. *Seneca* I believe wrote of the Tranquility of Life after having his Ears dinn'd with the Hackney Coaches of his Time; The Reason for this Conjecture is, that I was inform'd a Poet of our Age, to give a Description of the Spring the better, lodg'd, during the Time he compos'd it in *High Street*. The Coachmen have so hoarse and frightful Voices, and their continual lashing of their Whips increase their Noise in such a horrid Manner, that they seem so many Furies in the Regions of *Pluto*; and the hideous Cries of People who walk the Streets to vend *Herbs, Milk, Fruit, Old Cloaths, Sand, Trials, News, Ghosts,* and *Bloody Murthers*, make me think *Morose* in the Play a wiser Man than I took him for.

As for the People in general, they are not unlike those of the City of *Drogheda* in most Respects; for eating and drinking well is what pleases them; and if their Industry can support their Belly and a few fine Cloaths, they think themselves happy. They seem no great Admirers of Antiquity, but are more delighted with Novelty; for they seek chiefly new Books, new Mistresses, new Ministers, & new Friends.

The Women are very fine and handsome. They who have Cunning or Beauty, have a Command over the Men; Husbands here are treated as their Servants, Gallants as their Slaves. I have observed by the Number of Nurses, it is not the Fashion for Mothers to suckle their own Children; nor is it the Fashion to keep up a female Virtue, called Housewifery: There are few *Penelope's* who weave; and Needlework with an unanimous Consent, has been voted pernicious to the Eyes.

Marriages, which I always thought were for Life, among the politer People are after a certain Time dissolved: My Lord and my Lady after the first Month

Month are never seen together, never eat together, and, I had almost said, never lie together. The Husband lives quietly at one End of the House, the Wife makes merry at the other.

Dress seems a favourite Passion here in both Sexes every one is for appearing gay, and, considering the Deference which in this City is paid to Cloths, this Foible is not unpardonable. A lac'd Coat, Waistcoat or Trimmings, are so common, that they are indifferently wore by the Master and the Servant; nor is it easy to distinguish the Chambermaid from the Mistress. Here are two particular Classes of People who are not much different in their Principles, tho' of contrary Sexes, which are worthy of Notice: The Men called *Beaus*, the Women are *Coquets*; they are singular from the rest of the World in their *Dress*, their *Customs*, and their *Manners*; their whole Study, Ambition, and Business of Life, is to be admir'd by all their pleasure to admire none but themselves: They are *Idolaters*, and all the Devotion they pay, is to a Phantom in a Glass, which they omit not to admire and adore every Morning, for some Hours together,

There are several *Theatres* here, where several Evenings People of all Ranks assemble; From whence you may judge of the *Prosperity* and *Riches* or of the *Decline* and *Poverty* of this great Metropolis, as your Reason suggests. But if it is true what an Antient said, *That excessive Expence is a certain Sign of a City being in Decay*, one would not think Dublin in a very flourishing State. Whenever *Cato* or any noble Greek or *Roman* appears on the Stage, the Audience is thin. But a little *French Gentleman* in a Party-colour'd Jacket, whom they call *Monsieur Harlequin*, is a great Favorite, and prodigiously follow'd.

The *Attorneys*, the *Quacks*, the *Gamesters*, and the *Footmen* are very numerous: The inhabitants complain of them as a common Nuisance, but I think them a very ornamental and instructive Set of People

ple; the first teach us to avoid Wrangling and the Law, least by our Folly we lose our Estates; the second shew us the Way to Chastity and Sobriety, that we may not fall into their Hands, and be killed with their Medicines; the *Gamesters* are an Example to us of the Instability of Fortune; and the Footmen inculcate Humility, and teach us to serve our selves, that we may not have Enemies in our own Houses.

The *Lawyers* here are surprizing *Logicians* and the *Four-Courts* has stranger Paradoxes maintain'd in it than the *COLLEGE*; for in this they prove Right Wrong, and Wrong Right: This Hall is said to be the largest Room in *Dublin*; and yet it is fill'd in Term-Time with those who defend their own Estate or endeavour to get another's. I should be glad to see the Floor of this Hall, as *Cato* would have had the Courts of Law in his Time, stuck full with Tenter-Hooks, to tear the Feet of those who first entered to begin a Law-Suit.

The *Physicians* of this Place kill and cure, as they do all the World over: They ask too the same impertinent Questions. ——— *What, Sir is the Matter with you?* ——— *What's your distemper?* ——— That which seems the greatest Injustice, is, that one pays the same Fee to the Physician who kills him, as him that cures, and no Judge has power to punish an Ignorant Physician.

The *Great Men* at one End of the Town are peculiarly distinguish'd, by refusing to do any Thing to serve others; and by a great Number of tall, powder'd *Animals* with two Legs, who walk before a Chair, or hang like a Cluster of Bees at the hind Part of the Chariot. For the Benefit of this Part of the Metropolis, which includes the *Baau Monde*, the King has given the Liberty to all idle People, of walking in *St. Stephen's Green*: Here is the *Ring*, famous for being the Rendezvous of the Gay and the Gallant, who assemble there to see and be seen, to censure and be censured; the *Ladies* to shew their
fine

the fine Cloaths and the Products of the Toilet, the Men to shew their Toupees, observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this Place, People often join in the Company of those whom they either deride or hate, for Company is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the Place. They talk continually, no Matter of what, for they talk only to be taken Notice of by those who pass by them.

At this place *Ladies* will walk 4 or 5 Miles in an Evening with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to journey from one End of their Chamber to the other.

Not far from hence is a Place where *Truth* and *Falshood*, *Vice* and *Politeness*, *Good* and *Evil* equally reign; where they who are displeased, smile, they who are pleased, dissemble their Passion; where *Flattery* is called *Complaisance*, and *Extravagance*, *Taste*; where Men embrace the Villain they detest, and are embraced by those who detest them. Strangers are welcome to this place, provided they ask for *nothing*; they may gaze, bow, and return, and with no other Employment amuse themselves some Years in an *Anti-Chamber*, a *Court-Yard*, or a *Stair Case*. *Friendship*, *Promises* *service* are here of the nature of *Vox & præterea nihil* Modesty is very unfit for this Place there fore very scarce, Wisdom is fit, et scarce; Wisdom is fit yet scarcer: One Man is follow'd here for the Employments he can give, another courted because in Favour with the other, a third because of his Title, yet a fourth of more Value than them all, is neglected and despis'd, because——he is honest. As the Men look and speak indifferent from what they think, the Women look also different from what they are.

A Female Face, which appears here to be about twenty, shou'd you see it before it came from the Toilet, you wou'd be assur'd it was fifty: The Mothers seem Maids, and the Maids sometimes are Mothers.

This place has been the same as 'tis now some hundred Years past, and will be so some hundred Years to come.

F I N I S.

